

Anderson Intelligencer.

An Editor at a Fancy Ball.

The editor of the Vicksburg Times recently attended a fancy ball, and thus narrates his experience in learning to waltz:

On account perhaps of the manifold duties always pressing upon us, we have never learned to waltz—we have never placed our arm around a fragile, fairy, fleet, fluctuating form, and whirlingly around loose, but at the grand masquerade and fancy dress ball on last Tuesday night, we happened to express our regrets at this deficiency in our education to a young, plump, fresh, and closely domed Injan girl, while we were promading the vast hall with the luscious lumpy-dumpy.

She sweetly intimated that the hubbub of such an occasion, when a faux-pas would scarcely be noticed, was the very best time in the world to learn. We would not acknowledge our name, if we had backed out from such an offer, and as a matter of course, we very shyly requested her to afford the sublimely perpendicular pleasure of a small lesson, merely for the purpose of getting acquainted with each other, and giving us a relish for our victuals at supper. Sweet and gorgeous aborigine—without swearing she'd ne'er consent—she consented—dry so. Gently, delicately, fastidiously, and timidly we placed our arm around her plain waist—and almost wasted away. Her long, raven locks tickled our elbow. Thousands of spotted beads vibrated and tinkled about her fairy form as her bosom rose and fell to give them melody, like an Aeolian harp upon the heaving sea.

Her hand was in ours—as soft as a pussy cat's back, as she silently watches a mouse hole at the calm and witching hour of twilight. Her left foot was against our right boot. The gaudy feathers upon her moccasins tickled our manly knees. Our eyes met. Two soft and melting glances shot out of the two holes in her domino, and two soft and melting glances shot out of the two holes in our domino—and coming together in the middle emitted sparks like the R. E. Lee rounding to at William's wharfbow on a dark night in the latter part of December. Music arose with its voluptuous swell and drew nearer unto us, and we arose with our voluptuous swell and drew nearer unto the female red man. Her warm breath was upon our cheek.

Her spotted beads tickled our fingers, and her long raven hair went flippy-ty-flop over our shoulder. We had not yet waltzed an inch, and we didn't care a Confederate bond if we never moved from that spot, till the editor of the Vicksburg Herald joined the Sons of Temperance. We shook back our yellow locks, and immediately the air was laden with the balmy odor of Martha Washington Hair Restorative, for sale by Har-daway & Co., and all respectable drug-gists. We bowed low our editorial head, and whispered in a voice whose dulcet and mellifluous notes would have melted the heart of a deputy constable: "Gorgeous child of the forests, whose ancestors discovered Columbus, would we were a glove upon that hand, that we might touch that cheek—would we were a pair of moccasins upon those feet, that we might caress thy corns—would we were a hank of yarn, strong with spotted beads, that we might encircle that form—would we were a large, long bunch of raven hair that we might flop around that neck—would we were an open barrel of golden syrup, that thou might dip thy finger in us, and lick it—would we were a coronet, that we might rest upon that brow—would we were a roll of green-backs, that we might stay in thy pocket, would we were a brindle dog, that we might guard thy wig-wam—would that we were a big black rooster's tail, that we might dangle near thy face—would we were an Indian Chief." Thus far we spaketh, and she sighed. Her ruby lips did part, and she spoketh, "If you are done 'moulding up,' we'd better let in, for the music is wasting away." We let in, and we wasted away. Our two hearts beat with such responsive throbs, that a greased case knife could not have entered between the throbs.

It seemed as if ten thousand caterpillars were emigrating up our back, and little turtle doves were picking meal bran out of our ears. Huge sighs of the size of a rutabaga turned escaped our lips; we heard murmuring brooks and whispering boughs, and warbling birds, and tinkling cow bells, and we floated away on a fleecy cloud of one hundred dollar greenback bills. The music ceased, but the Washington Hall kept on waltzing. The Indian maiden sought her native forests, and we were carried by our friends to the Times office, with cramp in the bottom of our feet, and our eyes turned wrong side outwards.

JOSH. BILLINGS' PRAYER.—From too many friends, and from things at loose ends, good Lord deliver us.

From a wife who don't love us, and from children who don't look like us, good Lord deliver us.

From snakes in the grass, from snakes in our boots, from torchlight processions, and from new rum, good Lord deliver us.

From pack peddlers, from young folks in love, from old aunts without money, and kolera morbus, good Lord deliver us.

From wealth without charity, from praise without sense, from pedigrees worn out, from poor relations, good Lord deliver us.

From newspaper sells, from pills that ain't physic, from females that paint, and from men that flatter, good Lord deliver us.

From gals that chaw gum and wears dirty petticoats, and from men who don't love babies, good Lord deliver us.

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger camp-meetings, from cats that are courting, good Lord deliver us.

From politicians who pray, and from saints who tittle, and all grass widows, good Lord deliver us.

From too many loafers in a printing office, and subscribers that don't pay, good Lord deliver us.

—The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

"ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE A NORTHERN MAN AT LYNCHBURG."—On Wednesday night a gentleman of cerulean abdominal parts put up at the Washington Hotel, and registered as "G. E. Noble, Westfield, Massachusetts." A gentleman from the same State, at present residing in the city as a banker, and boarding at the same house, observing his name on the register, thought that out of courtesy, though a stranger, he would call on him and show him some attention. Accordingly he requested Mr. Davis, the accommodating clerk, to go up to the room of the stranger and announce him. Mr. Davis did so; but was met by a positive refusal on the part of the occupant of the room to open the door. Mr. Davis explained, but it was no use; the gentleman from the North was resolute; he had no idea of surrendering the advantage he possessed; no bloody rebel was to get admittance into that stronghold except at the end of a battering ram.

Foiled and repulsed, the clerk withdrew and reported to the gentleman in waiting below. The latter then determined to try his strategy. He ascended to the bolted door, bailed the vigilant watchman within, and asked for an interview. But the new arrival could not be caught in any such trap as that; he was too old a bird to be fooled with chaff—and the door remained unopened. The resident explained that he was his friend; was from the same State, and only wanted to have a little friendly conversation with him. But it was no go; that was a very nice scheme, but it would not avail with him. And the gentleman intent on deeds of hospitality was, like his predecessor, forced to abandon his undertaking, retire and leave the stranger alone in his castle. No doubt his slumbers that night were disturbed by visions of bowie-knives and revolvers. What an awful idea they have of the sanguinary rebels up North!

The stranger took his departure by the early train the next morning, rejoicing greatly, no doubt, at his hair-breadth escape from murder, and probably ere now has written for the *Tribune* a highly colored description of "an attempted assassination of a Northern man at Lynchburg, Virginia."—*Lynchburg Virginian*.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.—I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perfectly at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortune, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—*Sir James Mackintosh*.

"THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM."—The following somewhat overdrawn picture is copied from the New Haven (Conn.) Register—we say overdrawn, because while Northern men who undertake to run cotton plantations may fail in inducing the freedmen to remain in their employ, a good many Southern planters are more successful with the late chattels. But here is what the Connecticut paper says:

A friend, (and a decided Republican,) who fought through the war, and is now trying to run a plantation "down in Dixie," complains of "the uncertainty of procuring labor,"—that he had hired several different gangs since he took the plantation, and could not induce any of them to remain long; that the last ones he "agreed to pay in advance, week to week, as long as they would remain—which was exactly six days, and the last he saw of them, they were marching (Indian file,) down the road, singing, 'We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,' in the full enjoyment of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' We imagine the feelings of our Republican friend, as he leaned over the palings, and saw his sable friends "on their winding way," to have been akin to those of Pharaoh, when the children of Israel "took to the water," and we don't recollect, at this moment, any one whose faith in "negro equality" deserved a more convincing shock than his. He is now looking for Northern white laborers, satisfied that the "freedmen" will not be ready to go to work during the present century.

—The Nashville Union & Dispatch says: The wisdom of the makers of the Constitution is strongly illustrated at the present time. They divided the great powers of government into three departments. They foresaw that one might err wilfully or unwittingly, and provided that two, with different but equal authority in their separate spheres, should be left to check the mischief that might follow. The President and the Supreme Court stand between the country and danger from congressional usurpation. They will sustain the government, if there be public virtue enough left to sustain them.

—"I do declare, Sal, you look good enough to eat." "Well, Solomon, ain't I eating as fast as I can?" replied Sal, with her mouth full.

THEY ARE NOT MISSED.
"They are not missed!" O! say not so,
"Mid many a festive measure,
Where mirth and music sweetly flow,
And wealth displays its treasure.
'Round many a fireside's ruddy blaze,
In cot or mansion burning,
They greet no more our earnest gaze,
Nor heed affection's yearning.
"They are not missed!" O! say not so,
A dreary void is aching
In the sad hearts we wear below,
They sundered in forsaking—
A void that never can be filled,
And rents reclosing never,
Until those broken hearts are stilled
By death's cold hand forever.
Their bones may still unburied lie,
Nor we their places knowing,
And rain and snow may nurture high
The grass above them growing;
But not by things we can control,
Our thanks and love are measured—
There is a tomb in every soul,
Where every relic's treasured.

TWO STYLES OF BAPTISM.—Poor people have a hard time in this world of ours.—Even in the matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote, copied from an exchange, will illustrate:
Old Billy G— had attended a great revival, and in common with many others, he was "convicted" and baptized.—Not many weeks after, one of his friends met him reeling home from the court ground, with a considerable "brick" in his hat.
"Hello, Uncle Billy," said his friend, "I thought you had joined the church!"
"So I did," answered Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still. "So I did, Jeems, and would a bin a good Baptist if they hadn't treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Didn't you hear about it, Jeems?"
"No, I never did."
"Then I'll tell you 'bout it. You see, when we come to the baptizin' place, there was old Jinks, the rich old squire, who was to be dipped at the same time. Well, the minister took the squire in first, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought 'twould be just as good when I cum; so he led him in mighty keeful, and wiped his face and led him out. Well, then cum my turn, and instead of liftin' me out as he did the squire, he gave me one slosh, and left me crawlin' around on the bottom like a mud turtle—that's so, Jeems."

GOOD SENSE.—It will preserve us from consequences; it will lead us to distinguish circumstances; will keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences, to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; will never agitate claims of superiority, but teaches us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

—"Well," said an old gentleman the other day, "I have been forty-seven years in business, and can say what very few men can, after such an experience; in all that time I never disappointed but one single creditor." "Bless me, what an example for our young mercantile community!" replied the person addressed; "what a pity that one time occurred. How was it?" "Why," responded the old gentleman, "I paid the debt when it became due, and I never in all my life saw a man so astonished as that creditor was."

—A fond father, the other day, wishing to form an alliance between his stupid lubberly son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her with the following note:

Dear Madam—Allow me to present my BILL for your acceptance.
The young lady sent the spoony back to his father with the following reply:
Dear Sir—Your Bill is vetoed.

—A western local lately lost his sweet-heart, but he says he has all that made her lovely. He has her curls, her frizzle, her waterfall! He has her spiral palpatators, her store teeth, and her calves. He has put all things in their order—has them hung on wires—and intends to put up something in the fixings and have another Miranda.

—Editing a newspaper is a good deal like making a fire. Everybody supposes he can do it a little better than anybody else. We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple peddling, ox driving and counting laths; but in all our experience we never met with that individual who did not think he could double the circulation of any paper in two months.

—An Irishman, who found on the street a bill of fare of a recent dinner at the Kirkwood House, Washington, discovered therein the information of "oysters cooked in champagne" as one of the dishes served. "Bedad," says Pat, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty mouth, "I wish I was an oyster."

—"Pap," observed a young urchin of tender years to his fond parent, "does the Lord know everything?" "Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire; "but why do you ask that question?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling the Lord everything, I thought he wasn't posted." The parent reflected.

—A young man out West was entrusted with money to bring his father home a good family sewing machine. He carried off a neighbor's daughter to Chicago, married her and brought her home, declaring she was the best family sewing machine he could procure.

—Two persons of satiric turn met a neighbor, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

—"None but the brave deserve the fair." No, and none but the brave can live with 'em.

Blank Deeds for Sale.

BLANK DEEDS for Conveyance of Real Estate, printed on superfine paper and in the best style, for sale at this office.

Columbia Advertisements.

P. B. GLASS,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
COLUMBIA, S. C.,
On Plain St., a few doors west of Main St.,
HAS constantly for sale a large assortment of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
LAW,
Medical, Theological, Juvenile,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
Furnished at Publishers' prices.

Letter, Foolscap, Note, Legal,
And other Papers, of English, French and American manufacture.

ENVELOPES,
All sizes, qualities and colors.

GOLD AND STEEL PENS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
STATIONERY,
For the Office, School and Counting House.

BLANK BOOKS,
For Sheriffs, Clerks, and other District Officers, made to any Pattern at Lowest Prices.
Orders by Mail attended to carefully and promptly. Wholesale purchasers, Schools and Libraries supplied on special terms. Address,
P. B. GLASS,
Columbia, S. C.
Dec 6, 1866 25 3m

FISHER & LOWRANCE,
COLUMBIA, S. C.,
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of the following goods, viz:

SWEDS IRON, all sizes, 1 to 12 inches,
ENG. IRON, 1½ to 2½ inches,
COUNTRY IRON, horse shoe size to 8½ inches,
CAST STEEL, ½ in square & octagon to 1½ "
PIOW STEEL, 4 to 12 inches wide.
ANVILS AND VICES,
WAGON, TRACE, LOG AND COIL CHAIN,
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, PICKS,
HAMMERS, HATCHETS & LOOKS, all kinds,
HOLLOW-WARE, a full assort', 10 cts. per lb.
GRINDSTONES, AUGERS,
CHISELS, DRAWING-KNIVES,
FARMERS' TOOLS,
SAWS, mill, cross-cut, hand, &c.,
IBOTSON'S FILES, the best in market,
WOSTENHOLM'S, RODGERS' & ALEXAN- DER'S POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY and **RAZORS,**
BOLTING CLOTHS, No. 8 to 10, as low as can be bought in this market.
BELTING, from 8 to 10 or 12 inches—larger sizes brought out to order,
COFFEE ROASTERS, COFFEE MILLS,
AXLES, SPRINGS, WAGON BOXES,
SPOKES, SHAFTS, FELLOWS, HUBS,
ENAMELED CLOTH AND LEATHER,
OIL CARPET,
BOLTS, MALEABLE CASTINGS, WRENCHES.

GROCERIES.
BAGGING, ROPE,
SUGAR, COFFEE,
&c., &c., &c.
Sept 27, 1866 15 8m

MILLINERY.
MRS. C. E. REED,
Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Millinery, Straw & Fancy Goods,
MAIN STREET, NEXT TO FISHER & HEINZ, COLUMBIA, S. C.
INVITES the Trade to examine her full stock and varied assortment of Bonnets and Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, Ribbons and Flowers of all descriptions, Ladies' Hair in every color and shape. Also, Plain and French Corsets, which will be sold very low.
Oct. 25, 1866 19 3m

Miscellaneous Advertisements
Greenville & Columbia Rail Road.
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Columbia, Sept. 12, 1866.
On and after Monday, 17th inst., the Passenger Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted) until further notice, as follows:

Leave Columbia at	7 15 a. m.
" Allston	9 05 "
" Newberry	10 35 a. m.
Arrive at Abbeville	8 13 p. m.
" Anderson	5 10 "
" Greenville	5 40 "
Leave Greenville at	6 00 a. m.
" Anderson	6 30 "
" Abbeville	8 35 a. m.
" Newberry	1 20 p. m.
Arrive at Allston	2 45 "
" Columbia	4 40 "

The bridge at Allston being now completed, passengers and freights will be transported without delay. The expense of freights, by the discontinuance of the wagons and boats, will be largely reduced.
J. B. LASALLE, Gen'l Supt.
Sept 20, 1866 14

Schedule over S. C. Railroad.
GENERAL SUP'TS OFFICE, CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 3, 1866.
ON and after Wednesday, November 7, 1866, the Passenger Trains of this road will run the following schedule:

AUGUSTA TRAIN.	
Leave Charleston	8.00 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia	5.20 p. m.
Arrive at Augusta	5.00 p. m.
Leave Augusta	7.00 a. m.
Leave Columbia	6.50 a. m.
Arrive at Charleston	4.00 p. m.
THROUGH MAIL TRAIN.	
Leave Augusta	5.50 p. m.
Arrive at Kingsville	1.05 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia	3.00 a. m.
Leave Columbia	2.00 p. m.
Arrive at Kingsville	3.40 p. m.
Arrive at Augusta	12.00 night.

H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Sup't.
Nov 15, 1866 22

Schedule over the Blue Ridge Railroad.
ON and after Monday the 17th inst., the Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will leave Anderson for Pendleton and Walhalla, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the arrival of the Greenville & Columbia Railroad Trains.

Will leave Walhalla on Mondays at 3½ o'clock, a. m., connecting with the down Train of Greenville & Columbia Railroad.
Will leave Walhalla on Wednesdays at 10 o'clock, a. m.

W. H. D. GAILLARD,
Superintendent B. R. R. R.
Sept 20, 1866 16

Charleston Advertisements.

NORTH, STEELE & WARDELL,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FANCY GOODS,
Stationery, Perfumery, Cullery,
Hosiery, Furnishing Goods,
White Goods,
EMBROIDERY, &C.,
167 MEETING STREET,
Charleston, S. C.

J. B. STEELE, C. C. NORTH,
H. W. WARDELL, Jr. New York.
Dec 6, 1866 25 6m

ESTABLISHED 1854.

LENGNICK & SELL,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers In
MILLINERY, STRAW,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
Northeast Corner Meeting and Market Sts.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.,
INVITE the Trade to examine their full and varied assortment of

BONNETS & HATS, trimmed and untrimmed,
RIBBONS, of all descriptions,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
DRESS CAPS, NETS,
VEILS, of newest designs,
RUCHES, LACES,
CRAPES, SILES, CORSETS, SKIRTS, &c., &c.
Sept 20, 1866 14 4m

H. L. JEFFERS & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 East Bay,
Charleston, S. C.
HENRY L. JEFFERS. WM. H. JEFFERS.

HAVING resumed the Cotton Factorage and Commission Business, carried on before the war by Cothran, Jeffers & Co., we hope, by energy, and careful attention to the interest of our friends, to merit a continuance of their patronage.
Charleston, S. C., Sept. 1, 1866. 19

To the Public.

THE PAVILION HOTEL,
Corner Meeting and Hazel Streets,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
SO LONG AND ABLY CONDUCTED BY THE late H. L. BUTTERFIELD, will still be kept open for the accommodation of the Traveling Public. And its former friends and patrons will find the usual accommodations and attentions bestowed on them as formerly, and the public favors already so well established as THE HOTEL of the Traveling Merchants of the South, will by earnest efforts be faithfully preserved.
Oct. 25, 1866 19 4

MILLS HOUSE,
Corner Queen and Meeting Sts.,
Charleston, S. C.

THIS popular and well-known House is now fully open for the reception of visitors, having been furnished with new and elegant furniture throughout; and offers to the traveller accommodations and conveniences as a First Class Hotel, not to be equalled by any North or South. The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited. Rates of board, per day, \$4.00. Rates of board per month as may be agreed on. JOSEPH PURCELL, Proprietor.
Feb 15, 1866 35

HILBERS HOUSE,
(LATE MRS. DIBBLES.)
284 KING STREET,
Between Wentworth and Hazel Streets—East Side,
Charleston, S. C.
Transient Board—\$2.50 per day.
Permanent Board—\$10 to \$15 per week.
Special attention paid to the accommodation of families and single gentlemen.
August 16, 1866 9

F. HORSEY,
SUCCESSOR OF
HORSEY, AUTEN & CO.
Hats, Caps and Straw Goods,
No. 25 HAYNE STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Dec 6, 1865 25

Geo. W. Williams & Co.,
FACTORS,
Church Street, Charleston,
WILLIAMS, TAYLOR & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
New York.
Liberal cash advances will be made on Cotton consigned to either House.
Oct 4, 1866 16 2m

CHARLESTON HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
THIS popular and well known HOTEL, has been newly furnished throughout by the present proprietor, who has been sixteen years connected with the establishment.
W. WHITE, Proprietor.
GEORGE G. MILLER, Superintendent.
CHARLES A. MILLER, Cashier.
May 2, 1866 46 3m

Charleston Advertisements.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS HOUSE.
THE Wholesale Dry Goods Business heretofore conducted in the name of
JOHN G. MILNOR & CO.,
WILL HEREAFTER BE CARRIED ON IN THE NAME OF
MILNOR, WILBUR & MARTIN,
AT THE OLD STAND,
135 MEETING STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

OUR HOUSE is now in receipt of a full and desirable stock of FANCY AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, and we would invite our old friends and the trade generally to an examination of our stock.

FACTORS AND PLANTERS
Will find it to their interest to examine our stock, as we are prepared to give them every facility in our line to enable them to fill their orders and lay in their supplies.

Orders carefully and promptly filled.
Mr. Wm. C. SMALL, late of the firm of Chamberlain, Miller & Co., is with us, and would be pleased if his friends will give him a call.
N. B.—Messrs. NAYLER, SMITH & Co's Office can be found at our Store (up stairs).
JOHN G. MILNOR,
T. A. WILBUR,
J. J. MARTIN.
Nov 15, 1866 21



No. 153 Meeting Street,
FORMERLY JOHN ASHURST & CO.,
GEORGE C. GOODRICH,
PHILIP WINEMAN,
JOHN ASHURST,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Nov. 15, 1866 22 6m

JOHN S. FAIRLEY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FANCY GOODS, WHITE GOODS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES,
FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.,
INVITE the attention of Retail Merchants throughout the country to their complete assortment of the above mentioned Goods, now being opened at

No. 37 Hayne Street,
The old stand of Messrs. HYATT, McBURNEY & Co. Their Stock has been selected with great care and a thorough knowledge of the wants of the Southern people, acquired during many years experience in business in Charleston.
Our business motto will be
Quick Sales and Short Profits.
Orders will be promptly and carefully filled.
JOHN S. FAIRLEY & CO.
The subscriber is particularly desirous of renewing business relations with the customers of his old house, MARSHALL, BURN & Co.
J. S. FAIRLEY.
Dec 6, 1866 25

J. E. ADGER & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS,
Bar Iron, Steel, Nails,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS &C.,
151 Meeting Street,
(Near Charleston Hotel.)
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Mr. S. HYDE, formerly Clark, Hyde & Co., is with us, and will be pleased to see his old friends.
Dec. 5, 1866 25

E. H. RODGERS & CO.,
FACTORS
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
DEG to inform their friends that they have removed their Office from Adger's Wharf to North Atlantic Wharf.
FRANCIS J. FELZER,
FRANCIS S. RODGERS.
Oct 18, 1866 18 2m

R. S. CATHCART,
Columbia, S. C.,
WITH
WM. GURNEY,
WHOLESALE GROCER,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
102 EAST BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C.
BACON, Pork, Butter, Cheese and Lard. Particular attention given to filling orders. Liberal advances made on consignments.
Nov 22, 1866 23 1m

W. Y. LEITCH & R. S. BRUNS,
BROKERS AND AUCTIONEERS,
NO. 25 BROAD STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
WILL sell Stocks, Bonds and Securities generally.
Refer to Hon. J. L. Orr, Gen. J. W. Harrison, Col. J. P. Reed, James A. Hoyt, J. D. M. Dobbins and O. H. P. Fant.
Dec 6, 1866 25 2m